

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Being Natures liuery, or Fortunes starre,
His Vertues els be they as pure as grace.
As infinit as man may vndergoe,
Shall in the generall censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of ease
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandall,

Enter Ghost.

Hora. Looke my Lord it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs!

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable;

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*,

King, father, royall Dane, ð answere mee,

Let mee not burst in ignorance; but tell

Why thy Canoniz'd bones hearded in death

Haue burst their cerements? why the Sepulcher,

Wherein wee saw thee quietly interr'd

Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,

To cast thee vp againe? what may this meane

That thou dead corse, againe in compleat steele

Reuistest thus the glimpses of the Moone,

Making night hideous, and wee fooles of nature

So horridly to shake our disposition

With thoughtes beyond the reaches of our soules,

Say why is this, wherefore, what should wee doe?

Hora. It beckons you to goe away with it

As if it some impartment did desire.

To you alone;

Mar. Looke with what curteous action

It waues you to a more remooued ground,

But doe not goe with it.

Hora. No, by no meanes.

Ham. It will not speake, then I will follow it.

Hora. Doe not my Lord.

Ham. Why? what should bee the feare,

I doe not set my life at a pinnes fee,

Prince of

And for my soule, what can it d
Being a thing immortall as it se
It waues me forth againe, Ile fo

Hora. What if it tempt you
Or to the dreadfull somnet of th
That bettels ore his base into th

And there assume some other h
Which might deprive your soule
And draw you into madnesse, th

The very place puts toyces of de
Without more motiue, into eue
That lookes so many sadoms to

And heares it rore beneath.
Ham. It waues me still,
Goe on, Ile follow thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my

Ham. Hold of your hands.

Hora. Berul'd, you shall not

Ham. My fate cries out

And makes each petty artyre in

As hardy as the Nemean Lyons

Still am I cald, vnhand me Gent

By heauen Ile make a Ghost of h

I say away, goe one, Ile follow t

Hora. He waxes desperate wi

Mar. Lets follow, tis not fi

Hora. Haue after, to what iss

Mar. Something is rotten in

Hora. Heauen will direct it.

Mar. Nay lets follow him.

Enter Ghost and

Ham. Whether wilt thou lea

Ghost. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My houre is almost cor

When I to sulphrons and tormen

Must render vp my selfe.

Ham. Alasse poore Ghost,